

## GO EASY ON HIM, HE'S RICH

That the Plea to President McKinley Made for Bicker Chapman by His Attorney.

Washington, D. C., April 30.—Strenuous efforts are being made by the friends of Bicker Chapman, of New York, to prevent his incarceration in the District Jail for thirty days, according to the recent decision of the Supreme Court. There is no possible way of evading this imprisonment except by the intercession of the President. Unless pardoned by President McKinley, Mr. Chapman will have to spend a month in jail.

To-day, however, Mr. Jere M. Wilson, Mr. Chapman's attorney, spent nearly three-quarters of an hour with the President pleading for a pardon for Mr. Chapman.

His arguments were not based upon the legal aspects of the case, but dealt with the severity of the punishment as applied to a millionaire. He pointed out that while imprisonment for thirty days is but an episode in the life of a poor man, it becomes a tragedy in the case of a man of millions who has been pampered throughout a life of luxury.

Mr. McKinley did not appear to be favorably impressed, and it is not believed Chapman will be pardoned.

## LIVE NEWS ON DEMAND.

Major Marshall, Press Agent of the Salvation Army, Will Meet Reporters at Any Time.

A real, live, hustling press agent is the newest adjunct to the Salvation Army, and he has set about to promote the interests of that organization with becoming zeal. Major T. C. Marshall is the duly authorized press agent, made so by Commander Booth-Tucker, with full power to meet the representatives of news organs at any time they may see fit to call. The Major is located with his typewriter in room No. 21, of the National Headquarters Building, on West Fourteenth street.

Should a lassie be so unfortunate as to have her tambourine stolen, or should the Commander lose the hyphen between his last two names, Major Marshall may be relied upon to furnish authentic information to members of the press. Fuller details concerning future devil burnings and similar interesting events will be constantly on tap in room No. 21, for the Major has been instructed to deal out all and any information concerning the Salvation Army. In his letter to the Journal announcing his appointment the Major cordially remarks: "I shall be pleased to see your representative at any time he may see fit to call." The Army with the motto of blood and fire has already routed the devil in many thrilling conflicts, and with an energetic press agent to report the soul booms, Commander Booth-Tucker and his earnest crusaders may yet effectually subdue and repulse the cohorts of Satan.

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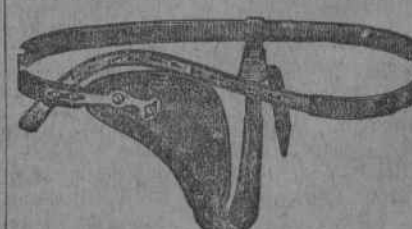
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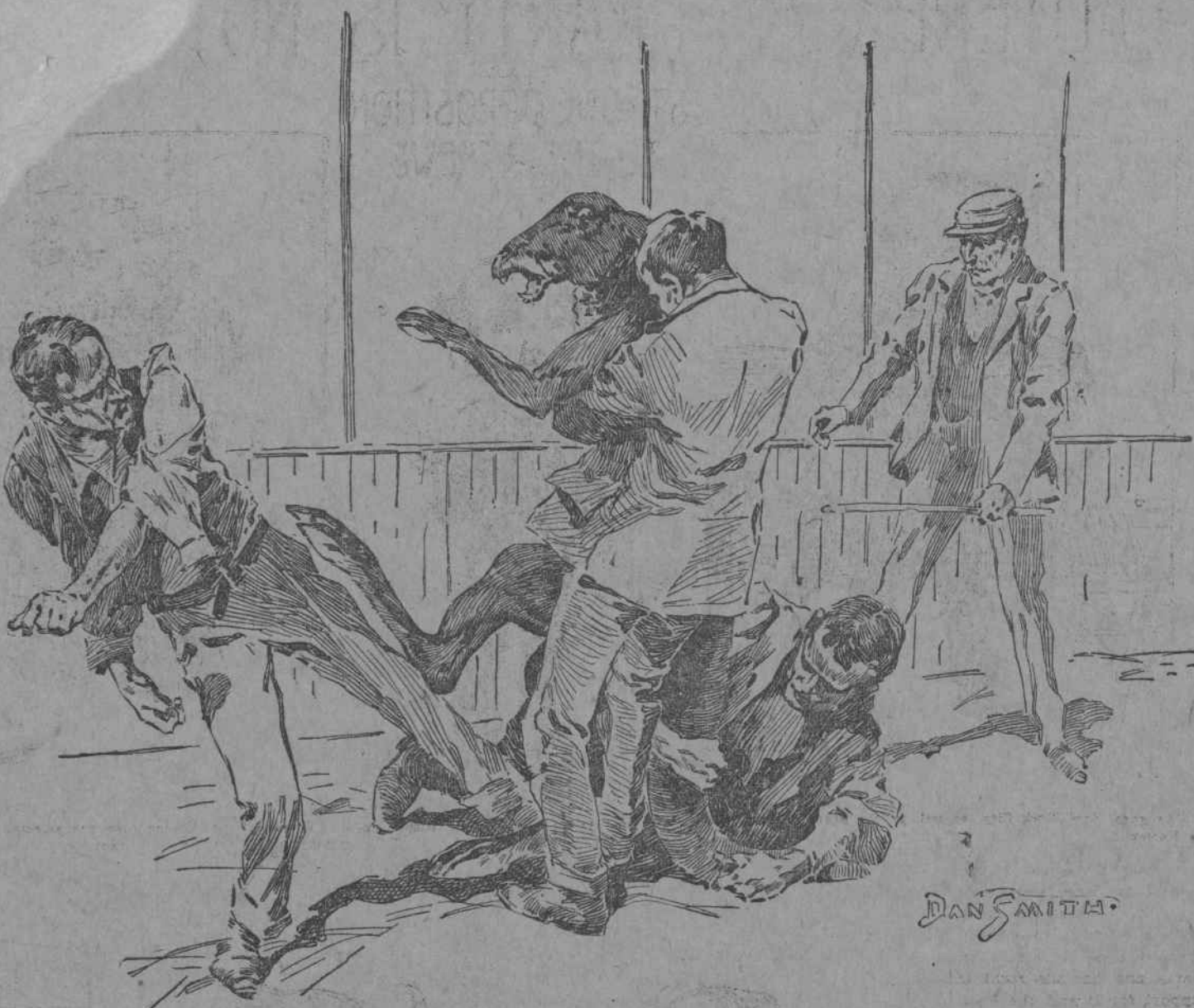
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## HARLEM OFFICE

New York Journal, at 60



FIERCE BATTLE OF FOUR KEEPERS AT THE ZOO WITH A KANGAROO NAMED "JAKE."

MOSS'S CLIENTS  
RAID POLICY.

Parkhurst Agents Find Shops Going in Two Police Precincts.

## MEN AND TRAPS TAKEN.

Police Commissioner May Ask Captains Herlihy and Cope-land to Explain.

Police Commissioner Frank Moss, who is still counsel to the Parkhurst Society, may be called upon at any time to take official cognizance of the administration of police affairs in precincts in which agents of the Parkhurst society effect raids and unearth crime.

This may develop as a result of three policy shop raids made yesterday in two police precincts by Parkhurst agents, without the knowledge of the precinct commanders.

The invaded districts are those commanded by Captains Herlihy and Cope-land, respectively, of the East Fifth and Delancey Street stations. Commissioner Moss may cast an official bombshell into the police ranks by calling upon these two captains to explain why the policy shops were permitted to exist.

Acting Superintendent Burr and Agents Thompson and Wilson effected yesterday's raids. Warrants calling for the arrest of the policy dealers were quietly obtained from Justice Crane, at the Essex Market Police Court.

Burr, with Policemen Cowan, Brennan and Sweeney, who were detailed from the court squad, broke into a policy shop at No. 102 Columbia street and arrested Ignatz Burger, who was in charge. He was recognized as an old offender who was once arrested and fined \$25 for writing policy.

Agent Wilson made a raid at No. 100 Second street. Joseph Nagle, of No. 33 Avenue A, who was attending the door, was arrested, and in the place were found a dream book and a box of policy slips.

Agent Thompson had an exciting experience in the raid on No. 87 Ridge street, where a policy shop has been in existence for six years. He summoned to his assistance the policeman on post. They could not break down the sheet-iron covered door. Agent Thompson drew his revolver and, climbing to the sill of a hall window, tore away a wire screen and smashed the glass with the butt of his revolver.

Inside were six men. Pointing his weapon through the opening in the window, he commanded them to open the door. Five of the men, who were players, were not arrested, but Max Klein, of No. 289 Fourth street, was arrested, and a lot of policy stuff seized.

The prisoners with the exception of Nagle were held in court in \$500 bail each for examination.

## "OLD BILL'S" EVICTION.

He is a Giant Alligator, and Didn't Like Being Woke Up and Made to Move.

"Old Bill," the fourteen foot alligator in the Central Park Zoo, awakened from his five months' sleep yesterday morning in a bad temper. So did the forty-eight other members of the alligator family which own "Old Bill" as patriarch and chief.

And no wonder. They all awoke to find that it was moving day. The lodgings which the alligator family had taken for the winter—cozy lodgings situated underneath the rooms occupied by the lions in the Carnivora Apartment Building—had been leased from May 1, and Landlord Smith had sent his men around without notice or process to dispossess the alligator family.

To be sure, he had provided Summer quarters for them, but that didn't compensate the alligators for lack of notice and loss of sleep, and they objected vigorously and emphatically to being moved.

"Old Bill" showed fight, and as soon as he did very alligator in the tribe measuring six feet also decided upon a forcible resistance.

He tried to reason with

KANGAROO "JAKE"  
FOUGHT FOR HOME.

Latest Arrival at the Zoo Gave Four Keepers a Tussle.

## A DEMON IN ACTION.

Used Claws and Legs and Tail to Telling Advantage Against His Assailants.

A kangaroo named "Jake" arrived at the Zoo with a lot of other animals on Thursday afternoon. He was alone in a stout wooden transfer cage. He was manifested "one Australian kangaroo, aged seven years," and was placed in a quiet corner until the keepers had left the menagerie.

Then Keepers William Snyder, Phil Holmes, Peter Shannon and two assistants decided to transfer "Jake" from his cramped travelling box to a nice, roomy cage in the deer building.

In the cage "Jake" crouched down in a heap, mouse-colored, bright-eyed and silent, was a most innocent-looking party. But he wouldn't budge until the cage was tilted almost on end. Then one of his long legs shot out from the side of the cage. Keeper Holmes, a brave man and rash, grabbed the end of the leg and shoved it back into the cage. That is, he shoved about a yard of it back. Then it flew out again, catching Holmes fairly in the pit of the stomach and sending him to grass.

Coincidentally "Jake" emerged from the cage and erected himself to his full height of seven feet in the approved attitude of battle. The approved attitude of Australian boxers and of Australian kangaroos is the same. "Jake" fights with his front paws, which are armed with sharp claws, by preference, but he doesn't disdain to use his long hind legs or his wonderfully muscular tail if Queensberry rules are abolished.

When "Jake" struck his fighting attitude Keeper Snyder accepted the challenge. But he didn't play fair with "Jake." Snyder had once captured a small rock kangaroo by catching hold of its tail. He attempted to capture "Jake" the same way. That absolved "Jake" from any courtesy and he went in to win.

"Jake's" tail is as thick as a man's leg and wonderfully muscled. When Snyder grabbed the tail "Jake" grunted and gave it a dirt. Snyder nearly turned a summer-sault, but held fast. "Jake" raised himself to his full height, placed his forepaws on top of the cage and jumped. Up he went and up went Snyder, tail attached. On top of the cage "Jake" turned to renew hostilities and Snyder jumped. Then "Jake" calmly leaped to the top of another cage twenty feet away and looked down upon his assailants.

They charged after him, but it was like chasing the wind. The kangaroo would simply jump twenty-five or thirty feet whenever anybody came near him. If they came too near, as some of them did, he would rip off a coat or a shirt with his sharp claws. Finally he was brought to bay in a corner. Then a slip-noose was surreptitiously lowered over his proud head and two men put the tension on it. Thus he was conquered.

## KILLED WIFE AND BABY.

Lane Then Ended His Own Life with the Same Pistol—No Reason Known for His Terrible Deed.

West Buckston, Me., April 30.—A double murder, followed by a suicide, was committed at Bonny Eagle, a small village two miles from here, this morning. The bodies of John C. Lane, aged 30, his wife and infant child were found in bed at their home by a neighbor who called there. A bullet from a revolver had ended the lives of each.

A letter written by Lane, which he stated that he had given to a friend, was found in his pocket. It was given up to the authorities.

HIS GREAT JOY  
CAUSED DEATH.

Von Glosnan Could Not Stand the News That He Was Wealthy.

## DISGRACED HIS FAMILY.

Fought a Duel and Eloped with an Actress, Then Wanted for the Necessities of Life.

Paul von Glosnan, of No. 358 Kent avenue, Williamsburg, is one of the few men who have died from joy. He was in want. He needed money and actually required food. Then the startling good news came that he was wealthy, and poverty and he would be strangers in the future, the news was too good for him to bear. His constitution, weakened for want of proper nourishment and care, broke down, and the man died within a few hours.

Von Glosnan was a morose, surly fellow, who had but few friends. He was supposed to be a barber and is said to have owned a shop of his own, but his unpleasant manner and disagreeable ways kept customers from him, and then he picked up odd jobs as they came along. Once when he was behind his room rent he informed the janitor that he was a member of one of the most aristocratic families in Berlin, and that his mother was credited with being a very wealthy woman. The janitor paid no attention to the story, but gave him three days' time, at the end of which the man paid his rent and was assured of a shelter for another week. Three days later the man received a remittance from Germany, and for a couple of days was not seen about the location.

He was taken ill a few months ago, and his neighbors in the neighborhood took turns in attending to his wants. He had an attack of pneumonia, and for several days hovered between life and death. It was as he was recovering that the people became aware that he was no ordinary human being, and had a past filled with stirring events and romance.

He had been an officer in the German army and had a bright future. His family had arranged a marriage for him with the daughter of a prominent banker, and preparations for the nuptials had been begun when it was discovered that he had become entangled with a variety actress, then appearing at one of the Berlin music gardens.

His infatuation for the woman was so pronounced that it soon became public property, and a brother of his fiancée took him to task. A quarrel resulted, which ended in a duel. The girl's brother was seriously injured, and Von Glosnan disappeared to Berlin several months later and informed her associates that she had left the man in New York when his money gave out.

His family refused to recognize him in any way, and he was unable to earn a living for himself. He became a book peddler, but made a failure of it; then became a barber. He is said to have met an old friend of his family one day and obtained money sufficient to open a small shop on Grand street, a few blocks from the ferry.

He had by this time learned to look upon mankind generally as a common enemy and became disagreeable in disposition and manner. As a result the few customers he had dropped off, and within a month the shop was to rent. Then came the pangs of poverty and the necessity of going hungry. Occasionally he made a few dollars in shaving corpses, and finally this was the only means he had of making a living. Undertakers would pay him but little, though they usually charged a good round sum themselves.

Several times he wrote home, but his letters came back unopened. Only one of them was productive of good, and that one was opened by mistake by the family lawyer, who, on his own responsibility, remitted a sum of money to him.

Then came the long siege of illness, and the man came out of it a physical wreck. Last Sunday he wandered about hungry, and was informed by the janitor that the rent of his modest room on the rear of the third floor would have to be paid or he would be obliged to find another place.

He was given up to the authorities.

postmark. He tore it open with feverish haste, then broke out into a loud laugh. "I am rich now," he exclaimed, snapping his fingers in the janitor's face. "I'll buy the old house and make you a present of it."

The man danced about in a wild delirium of joy. In broken, disjointed sentences he said his mother had forgiven him and he was to start for home at once. He called for a pen and ink and addressed a draft for passage money, which the letter contained, then he condescended to one of the neighbors that he had not eaten since the morning before.

An hour later, when some one went to Von Glosnan's room, he was stretched out on the bed with the letter in his hand, dead. The doctor who had attended him during his recent illness, was called and decided the death had resulted from heart trouble. The excitement had practically killed him. The man was about forty-three years old and had no friends or relatives in this country.

## GORDY SELECTS HYMNS.

He Wants Them Sung by Six Persons at His Execution in Delaware.

Georgetown, Del., April 30.—James M. Gordy, awaiting death here for the murder of his wife on March 10 last, sent for Rev. Vaughan S. Collin and Rev. J. H. Ellis, two ministers of the town, and, after some conversation with them, gave them the following statement, asking them to make it public:

"I am innocent of the crime with which I am charged and for which I have been condemned to die. Fourteen years ago I joined the Jones Methodist Episcopal Church, near Gumboro, in this county, near which I was born and spent most of my younger days. When the day on which I am to be hanged arrives, on a scaffold, I will give a complete history of all my past life, at which time I desire that hymns Nos. 76 and 40 in 'The Great Awakening' be sung. I want these hymns to be sung by six persons.

"Between the singing of the two hymns I would like to have some one whom I will name to pray, and the minister whom I wish to preach my funeral sermon. I will select and name later. I am perfectly willing to die, but dread leaving my dear old mother and my two little children. I am asking God to care for them while I live and after I am dead. I am looking to Jesus, who says 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' These beautiful stanzas, based upon the fourth verse of the twenty-third Psalm, voice my present feelings better than words of mine."

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord, however dark it be, lead me by Thine own hand, choose Thou the path for me."

"There were several other verses of a similar nature."

## AMERICAN CARS ABROAD.

Seven English Firms Unable to Deliver the Stock in Time.

London, April 30.—In the House of Commons to-day the president of the Board of Trade, C. T. Ritchie, replying to Sir Charles Howard Vincent, said the Government was not prepared to compel companies applying for new railway charters to buy their equipment in the United Kingdom.

In the case of the Waterloo City Railway, Mr. Ritchie added, twenty-two cars had been ordered in America, because out of the seven English firms tendering for the work not one of them was able to deliver the stock in the time required by the railroad company.

## Greenlawn's Asher Stakes.

London, April 30.—Mr. A. Cohen's Greenlawn won the Asher Stakes at the second day's racing of the Sandown Park meeting to-day. The Lordlard-Berford's Drace and Mr. Richard Croker's Santa Anita, the American horses entered, did not start. Eleven horses ran. The Asher Stakes is a handicap of 1,000 sovereigns, distance one mile.

## Judgment for Dr. M. Ransom.

Justice Andrews, in the Supreme Court yesterday, gave judgment in favor of Dr. Manley Ransom, in the suit for an absolute divorce brought by him against his wife, Margaret L. B. Ransom, on the statutory ground. Max G. Cavall, who had been a boarder in his house in East Thirty-third street, where he had a bath institute, was named as co-respondent.

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and years of negotiations. When he came to the face of the party now at the White House, a house of politics since the President's empty perch, and hunting by ending the

is whispered, hopes to see this session by July 1. Then, vacation, which gossip declares will take with John Hay at the nest in the New Hampshire hills. It is the White House plan. July 1 is witness McKinley and "Little Breeches" romping among the stark mountains of the Granite State, making the welkin whatever the welkin may be—to ring with their boyish cry.

The loose screw in the scheme is the assumption of an adjournment of Congress by July 1. By present signal smokes it is a just inference that August 1 will still find that reverend body clapper clawing and scrappily busy, either in open Senate or conference, over tariff. Rome wasn't built in a day, and a tariff is not so easy as whittling a stick in its labors. McKinley might better restrain his whoops until out of the tariff woods. He may yet, with that other suffering Executive of recent Waldorf fame, know what it grievously means to "Have Congress on his hands." He will have luck, indeed, if he does not have it on his neck.

## Young for Madrid Applauded.

There came one bright ray of news to-day. It is extant as better than mere rumor that McKinley has had the fortunate wit to settle on John Russell Young for Madrid. It will be a graceful tribute to the press. Young has for years been one of the fixed stars in the newspaper firmament. Thoroughbred, as thorough in his paces, is Young; with an Americanism standing a hundred feet, without a knot or limb, as stanch and flawless as Norway pine. It is nationally good to send such an exhibit of American manhood, and McKinley moveth Russell Young.

By the Chicago editor, in his Joliet troubles met ex-hath two tongues concerning the Dunlop come-out, widely credited is that McKinley will not be lenient in his pardon nor pardon will interfere in the running of fine and two years' vacation in Joliet. Kohlsaat did the door of Presidential mercy against Dunlop, and the great statesman-baker-editor have the glory of it; craves it. To smother pardon, bushwhack forgiveness is not graceful. It is a hell's halo to burn the brow of a story. At McKinley will prune the two years' months and reduce it to thirty days in jail.

On the other McKinley is of the Puritans and not is, therefore, in no sort sportive—is described to be catch-up gasps over another Illinois relation. Among those ion-glorious were Governor John Tanner and his staff, too; with hats in the pluming whereof each must have baid from spurs to beak; and uniforms for which the



## And This Is Senator Mitchell.

ok won him hard by a sum which it takes four elphers ebbed again; while Elwell's never flowed at all. At story said, was \$27,000 to the good; to which sixteen others had jointly and severally "relaxed." It all at high-rolling as this town has not witnessed since say. Just to watch the game almost burned the eyes

es styled "professor," is again on the trail of the chief. Morton, while Secretary of Agriculture, dis- chief. Harrington then rose like a phoenix from the some president of the University of Washington. time, and a month ago the university folk back and asks McKinley to name him to die- do the storm again.

pped shoulder ready for the Harrington ap- good. He is a scientist of the tribe which apers," and of that streaming sort that write ase in Art," or "The Polarization of Surface and What Of?"

etold the yarn before, but it's not worn out, with Morton in his office. Harrington, as portentous with science; his voice like ad sent at a glance that there was a man

leep-see and learned eye on Morton. the weather for four days. It is et and make a recommendation." k, first unfurling beneath Mor- weather crimes. The report ran type. The story closed with named Smith from San Fran- to discover the wherefore failure to work as afore-

etary's tone and slight not so scientific," went cost not to agent